

**caliber**

**COMPOSITION BOOK**

*TERRA INCOGNITA: BOOK 2*

*The Secret Diaries of MW Hawthorne*

**3 Subject**

**Wide Ruled**

**120 Sheets**

**9.75 in x 7.5 in**  
(24.7 x 19 cm)



# Contents

1	II	p. 1
2	<del>Latitudinarianism</del> An Environment of Lies	p. 39
3	The History of the World is a Farce!	p. 65
4	A Metamorphosis of Perception	p. 98
5	The Hall of My Inner Being	p. 119
6	A Strong Dose of Reality	p. 139
7	Grabbing the Bull by the Horns	p. 155
8	Observing the Lilies in the Field	p. 181
9	{ --- ...    --- }	p. 217

## Terra Incognita: Book Two The Secret Diaries of Michael William Kentrich



Σ 13

Π

The story of "number theory" begins with the Greeks, for whom *arithmetiké* was the science of numbers rather than the art of computation.

Reckoning (what we consider to be arithmetic) was called *logistica* and generally deemed beneath the dignity of mathematicians and philosophers.

Thus Euclid and The Pythagoreans were familiar with prime numbers, perfect numbers, amicable numbers, and figurate numbers.

→ Notice that all integers take the form of  $2n$  or  $(2n+1)$ .

Proposition 14 of Book IX of Euclid's Elements is essentially the equivalent of the important "fundamental theorem of arithmetic," which states that any integer greater than 1 can, except for the order of the factors, be expressed as a product of primes in one and only one way. [first]?

The largest prime was found in 1952 by the EDSAC machine (79 digits):  $180(2^{127}-1)+1$   
Also, in USA by SWAC:  $2^{521}-1$ ,  $2^{607}-1$ , and  $2^{1279}-1$  (a 386 digit number).



{ 1 }

TT

Formulas have been discovered for all primes such that  $n < 41$  :  $f(n) = n^2 - n + 41$

The quadratic polynomial  $f(n) = n^2 - 79n + 1601$  yields primes for all  $n < 80$

Every arithmetic sequence,  $a, a+d, a+2d, a+3d, \dots$ , in which  $a$  and  $d$  are relatively prime, contains an infinitude of primes.

There is also the prime number theorem.

Let  $A_n$  denote the number of primes below  $n$ .

The prime number theorem says then that

$$\frac{A_n \log_e n}{n} \rightarrow 1 \text{ as } n \rightarrow \infty$$

Looking over the Sieve of Eratosthenes, devised over 2000 years ago, is still the simplest method today. Even my brute force code applied the same technique: divide by 2, divide by 3, divide by 5, divide by 7, divide by 11, ... ,  $p_i$  where each  $p_i$  (prime found) becomes a screening number in their turn. The indispensable tool of the number theorist is a long list\* of primes, which my 1999 code, `xfac.cpp`, clearly makes use of.

\* It constructs an array of 6,666 primes...



~~26~~

2010.11.11

11

A recession is a mass outbreak of pessimism.  
Welcome to the Dark Side. There is a feeling  
of Being Deep. Who is Gorticide today?  
Mike? What does it matter? Ehrenreich  
has found the root of "positive thinking's" harm  
is the same as Nietzsche's complaint  
against Christianity in The Anti-Christ.

"In its insistence that we concentrate on happy  
outcomes rather than on lurking hazards, positive  
thinking contradicts one of our most fundamental  
instincts, one that we share not only with  
other primates and mammals but with reptiles,  
insects, and fish."

Σ X 3

Without really having to come <sup>to</sup> any official decision about  
it, since I don't even own a computer anymore,  
I really can't keep up the website. I think I  
will more incomplete "book projects" in the  
Lake of Fire.

I discovered a "artist"/madman who was  
mentioned in Guattari & Deleuze's Anti-Edipus :  
Antonin Artaud. Artaud's consciousness as a  
paradigm for the analysis of modern society.



11 11.11.0105  
It is a huge collection of selected writings of Artaud, with an introduction by Susan Sontag - the Cioran expert. Artaud was also an actor, and ended up in a mental asylum for 11 years - until he was dead, by age 56 or so, I guess.

I'm no expert. I just pretty much discovered him this evening. I'm also studying Black Humor Fiction of the Sixties, which covers Vonnegut, Pynchon, Nabokov, and even Louis-Ferdinand Céline.

Before I go to court and possibly jail next Friday, I will know something about both Black Humor as well as Antonin Artaud.

The essay by Susan Sontag in the beginning of The Selected Writings of Antonin Artaud is nearly 60 pages in itself.

I will make the very most of my last 7 days before facing the Judge of Asbury Park. I am incredibly interested in the subject matter.



It amazes me that I literally stumbled upon this text after deciding not to read the Colin Wilson classic, The Outsider. Why hadn't I really heard of Artaud except vaguely in Anti-Oedipus (Deleuze & Guattari)?

Discovering Artaud may help me understand myself better — and my own "literature", my own "madness".

Certain authors become literary or intellectual classics because they are NOT read, being in some intrinsic way unreadable. Sade, Artaud, and Wilhelm Reich belong in this company: authors who were jailed or locked up in insane asylums because they were screaming, because they were out of control, immoderate, obsessed, student authors who repeat themselves endlessly, who are rewarding to quote and read bits of, but who overpower and exhaust if read in large quantities.

I am certainly such a destabilized author. Writing is the medium in which a singular personality heroically exposes itself.  
Philosopher as Artist



Comje is the only worthy mask - a mask of indifference and outright hostility. Not just the book of writings by Artaud, but also the book on Black Humor of the 1960's - TREASURE.

GOLD! Right from the get-go, Schultz yerves in on Louis Ferdinand Celine's Journey to the End of the Night.

Then there is Artaud and the ~~Bandana~~ accounts his indifference to life:  
PASSION of THOUGHT.

This is where Deleuze & Guattari get "words are pigshit" from. Artaud ~~so~~ wrote, "all writing is garbage."

Is it possible that I may be motivated to find this very work <sup>edited</sup> by Susan Sontag instead of the German Genius? Anything is possible, I guess. Who knows what the unconscious flesh is up to?

This brain knows what to go over out here before being "disappeared":  
primes/factors, black humor, and a new found discovery - Antonin Artaud, nutcase, writer, nervous wreck, screamer.



I will wash the thermals and even "break them in".  
 Forget the things. I brought some kind of Native  
 American rock a billy back from Seattle. It may  
 be my naïve interpretation, but that's  
 what makes it comical & RIDICULOUS —  
 and fun and absurd and existentialist and  
 phenomenological ...

Artaud's gift was not for psychological understanding  
 but for a more ORIGINAL MODE of description,  
 a kind of physiological phenomenology  
 of his unending desolation.

"Nowhere in the entire history of writing in  
 the first person is there as tireless and  
 detailed record of the microstructure of  
 mental pain." (Sontag c 1973 on  
 Artaud)

Wait 'til they get a load of me!



library/internet : Sat → research Artaud  
 Pick up laundry detergent after meal at Trinity & after library.  
 Continue to investigate Artaud's writings & also Black Humor



incandescence - 1. Emission of a visible light by a hot object

2. Shining, brilliantly

3. Marked by ardent emotion, intensity, or brilliance.

didactic - Intended to instruct

- instructive

- inclined to teach excessively

Artaud's work denies that there is any difference between art ~~of~~ and thought, between poetry and truth.

I may have to revise the Jail Book List, adding

ANTONIN ARTAUD, Selected Writings Edited by Susan Sontag c. 1973

Yes - what a fun book to read aloud. Perhaps all 3:

The German Genius, This Perfect Day, as well as Antonin Artaud - the Susan Sontag edition.

Artaud is always didactic, as was Schopenhauer and Cioran. Maybe this is why I also want to bring attention to the great beauty hidden in the ugly logical computer code - the nature of the Seive Process, the ~~are~~ very material our invisible thoughts are made of are exposed "in the act" - a kind of snap shot of what is taking place when we compute factors.



I will not be able to rush through this work, but will focus and pore over it, including the introduction by Susan Sontag. I will see if Barnes & Noble has a copy for sale and consider adding it to the book list.

Sensitive as Artaud was in his own life to the repressive workings of the bourgeois idea of day-to-day reality ("We are born, we live, we die in an environment of lies," he wrote in 1923), he was drawn to Surrealism by its advocacy of a more rebellious consciousness.

We need a ruder confrontation with our audience, if we are the bleeding hearts and artists who are to make our stand!

Let my own pen become the instrument writing on the Wall. But my ART transcends alphabetic language. The work of art, the masterpiece, the magnum opus, is not the literary reflections, scribbles, essays, or prose poems, but the LIFE of the MAD PROPHET himself — the subtle rituals and rupturings with the FLESH & FABRIC of "reality."



I love the language Susan Sontag uses and anticipated finding some gems in ~~the~~ her long introduction to Antonin Artaud's writings.

"The theater he planned is a commando action against the established culture, an assault on the bourgeois public; it would both show people that they are dead and wake them up from their stupor."

A mad person is someone whose voice society doesn't want to listen to, whose behavior is intolerable, who ought to be suppressed. In every society, the definitions of sanity and madness are arbitrary — are, in the largest sense, political.

Artaud was extremely sensitive to the repressive function of the concept of madness. He saw the insane as the heroes and martyrs of thought, stranded at the vantage point of extreme social (rather than merely psychological) alienation, volunteering for madness.

There are many letters written by Artaud in this collection. No need to have copy mailed in. Tomorrow I focus on CRACK WARS. I will continue to browse through the selected writings of Artaud. All books will be returned by 11/18 in preparation for...



PS  
303  
whatever. Thermal underwear will comfort me  
in the dungeon. The tunnels are a familiar  
setting for me on Waterworks Road in Freehold,  
trapped in a dungeon in my hometown.  
Funny, like A Fraction of the Whole.

Drinking strong coffee, I will attempt to focus  
on Artand. I am thrilled that my  
appreciation of the library is still powerful.

Does it have to do with possibly being  
torn from it soon? It is purely coincidence  
that M and '?' are becoming more seductive  
and flirtatious. They are simply being  
playful creatures, instinctively sensing the  
sexuality of my Being.

Eventually I may make it to the shore for  
a nap in the sunbeams. No bread for  
sea eagles as I am not up for a walk all  
the way to Prospect Avenue. Too much  
masturbation, I guess. All lazy.  
\* Yawn \*

I'm going to continue to post on my  
website until 11/18, but maybe I will give  
it up upon my release. We'll see where  
my ART takes me.



My interest in Artaud is renewed as I lay in the sunshine on this beautifully mild day in November.

"I would like to write a Book, which would drive men mad, which would be like an open door leading them where they would never have consented to go, in short, a door that opens onto reality." Antonin Artaud 1925  
(The Umbilicus of Limbo)

I believe I will enjoy a meal of some pot roast mixed with "macaroni & cheese" and extra (welfare) cheese.

{X}

"There is a disease which opium is sovereign, and that disease is called Anguish - mental, medical, physiological, logical, or pharmaceutical, as you like.

Anguish which drives men mad.

Anguish which drives men to suicide.

Anguish which condemns them to hell.

Anguish which medicine does not know.

Anguish which your doctor does not understand.

By your iniquitous law you place in the hands of persons whom I have no confidence whatsoever - medical asses, druggists of drug, dishonest judges, doctors,



Mickey's bottles may be the solution to the Natural Ice / 211 / Loko / Vodka blues.

midwives, pedantic inspectors - the authority over my anguish which in me is as acute as the needles of all the compasses of hell.

Whether the tremors are of the body or <sup>of</sup> the soul, the human seismograph does not exist that would enable someone looking at me to reach a more precise evaluation of my suffering than the lightning flash of my own mind! All the fortuitous scientific knowledge is not superior to the direct knowledge that I can have of my being. I am the only judge of what is within me.

Mental note: While pills don't seem to cause the bad headache some get from Natural Ice, the loose - and I mean water running from a faucet loose - bowls are still a problem.

It might have cooking in olive oil.  
Who knows? Do I really want to walk for a little beer when it may just cause my bowel movements to get nastier and nastier.  
It could be the strong coffee or powdered milk.



{X}

31

"All writing is garbage." Is this where Deleuze & Guattari got 'All ~~words~~ words are pigshit' from? Artaud? I will walk with text, leaving my notebook behind so as to focus on Artaud.

{X}

Pertaining to Anne's post about ending it all: Artaud: Is suicide a solution? I shall put more coffee on and resist compulsion to drink beer.

"We are not going to kill ourselves just yet. In the meantime, leave us the hell alone."

Artaud January 1925

I sense my mother may not want me over her house fearing government spooks an accessory to thought crime.

"I no longer want to be one of the Deluded."

There is a section where Artaud writes about Van Gogh. What kind of "artist" am I? An anti-art artist. An anti-artist? A Certain Triumphant Pitch of INCANDESCENCE.



18  
Modern life maintains its atmosphere of debauchery, anarchy, disorder, delirium, derangement, chronic insanity, bourgeois inertia, psychic anomaly, deliberate dishonesty and notorious hypocrisy, stingy & contempt for everything that it shows breeding, insistence on an entire order based on the fulfillment of organized crime.

A tainted society invents psychiatry to defend itself against the investigations of certain superior intellects whose faculties of divination would be troublesome.

I am one of those superior intellects whose faculties of divination have been troublesome.

Troublesome to whom?

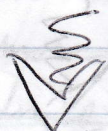
In "Van Gogh, the Man Suicided by Society", Artaud immediately mentions Gérard de Nerval, saying he was NOT mad. I love Artaud's ATTITUDE. Referring to psychiatrists, medical doctors who prescribe medication and monitor



behavior, Artaud writes, "I know one who objected, a few years ago, to the idea of my accusing as a group this way the whole gang of respected, soundbored and patented quacks to which he belonged."

"So society has strangled in <sup>its</sup> ~~the~~ asylums all those it wanted to prevent from uttering certain intolerable truths."

"But, in this case, confinement is not its only weapon, and the concerted gathering of men has other means of overcoming that will it wants to break."



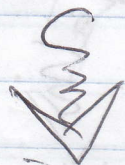
"As I have said, there is in every living psychiatrist of repulsive and sordid atavism that makes him see in every artist, every genius he comes across, an enemy."

I will return the Artaud text, and perhaps take out the other 2 along with CRACK WARS. I am in some kind of mania for learning, for exposing myself to deep complex minds. I wonder if I have any effect on librarians.



Byronic superhero, Promethean Faust, Camusian Rebel — that's me in the flesh. I am living it. Maybe a walk along the boardwalk may help me by preventing me from smoking up all my dirt and Hobaccon.

I must have a mental block against Schopenhauer and Computer Science, as they sit like unread Bibles... When one attempts to command the creature-itself, one may witness the creature do ~~every~~ anything but follow the commands issued by the so-called ego or Superego.



But I take in a few pages of Schopenhauer.

"The consideration of the animal world, left to itself in countries uninhabited by human beings is also particularly instructive."

"What is the point of this whole scene of horror?"

"It is not life that entices us on, but want and trouble that drive us forward."



"Incidentally, here is to be found the origin of the comical, the burlesque, the grotesque, the ridiculous side of life; for, driven forward against his will, everyone bears himself as best he can, and the resultant perplexity and embarrassment often present a ludicrous effect, however serious may be the care and worry underlying them."

Supposedly, finding ourselves ridiculous and even absurd, is the key to not hating ourselves. We really are all in a jam — and some people are addicted to chocolate candy, cocaine, gasoline, horsepower, and more and more <sup>un</sup>necessary gadgets.

~~Because it is madness,~~

How do we derive comedy in the midst of the horrors of actual existence? Does it help to see ourselves as chimpanzees?

I'm going to come up with a different site description.  
A CERTAIN TRIUMPHANT PITCH OF INCANDESCENCE  
\* ~~The~~ Heroes of thought stranded at the vantage point of extreme social ~~(rather than merely psychological)~~ alienation, volunteering for madness.\*

Now I want to change the name of the site again...



Investigations of certain superior intellects whose  
faculties are troublesome to the officials  
and authorities ~~become~~ expose the  
professional class, the bourgeois public  
as the asses they are. ASSGORTS.

Gorts, gorts, and more gorts!  
I see gorts.

Σ ? Σ

"We would like to drive people mad. May this  
site serve as an open door leading you  
where you would never have consented to  
go, a ~~an~~ door that opens onto reality."

Σ ? Σ

I try to rekindle my interest in computing, but  
"addresses" are a bore. Mathematical concepts  
just aren't grabbing me either. Schopenhauer  
reminds me that the works of genius are  
not for use or profit. The productions of  
genius serve no useful purpose. To be  
useless and unprofitable is one of the  
characteristics of the works of genius; it is  
their patent of nobility."



Comparing useful men with men of genius is like comparing bricks with diamonds.

No cool or sober man can be a genius.

The genius lives essentially alone.

He is too rare to be capable of easily coming across his like, and too different from the rest to be their companion.

Chamfort: "Few vices are as capable of preventing a man or woman from having many friends as is the possession of qualities that are too great."

I don't want to "skim" WWRZ. I want to pore over it, especially the chapters on genius and madness. The chapter on Madness may very well be central to Schopenhauer's deepening effect on my own mental progression. This "genius" I carry in my bodily presence.

It cannot be put in chains, but it can be assaulted with psychiatric drugs that could prevent such an abnormal detachment from "practical matters." La-la Land is the realm of the genius, the child, and the madman. And the drug addict, alcoholic, sex maniac.

"Crack Wars" is definitely my next read.



What are my own thoughts at this time?

Well, it is good to have my mother in my life while I am facing these issues with state officials. Having thermals before first commissary will comfort my animal body, who will be quite agitated, ~~or~~ irritated, and generally dehumanized by the entire process of incarceration.

The county dungeon is an insane asylum - one big mental institution, Planet of the Apes style. The guards are right out of some bizarre science-fiction nightmare world from The Twilight Zone.

What does it mean to be an embodied mind?

All that we experience and know comes to us through the filters of <sup>our</sup> perceptual apparatus. Mind is unthinkable without body. Body-as-creature implies mind.

To see so clearly the lies inherent in the social order, is to immediately enter into a combative relationship with those trained to enforce the lies themselves. As for the deranged and annoying denizens, it is a madhouse of psychotic monkeys.



(3:33 AM) 16 November 2010 Tuesday

As the court date approaches, I observe the unconscious at work. I do want to send Anne This Perfect Day. The money is in the account...

Barnes & Noble online can ship it to her even while I very well could be trapped in the dungeon system before the weekend comes.

This way I will be able to "reach" her "spirit," in quite a powerful way, I think, even from the cage. Like in "The Jacket," each time I am out here, I don't waste any time, but have tweaked my website, making it more private. I've removed the site's name and description. How radical. Just the symbol  $\{ ? \}$ .

There is a peculiar form of sabotage which occurs on websites which have forums; participants may write off the wall nonsense (about UFOs or a desire for death penalty) and thereby taint other more legitimate "content" with a quality of lunacy.

The Internet is shit. I say my forums are about "as good as it gets" - that we live in environments based on lies. Maybe Anne will enjoy TPD enough to report her thoughts at  $\{ ? \}$ . Make TPD visible.



Anguish as a state of mind is for Heidegger a fundamental way of Being-in-the-world.

In Crack Wars: Literature, Addiction, Mania, Arvid Ronell writes, "...we are in a sense 'dropping' Heidegger that consists in swallowing a full passage." (A four page quote follows...)

In the quote I discover some "existentialist", "phenomenological" terminology to describe certain specific Experiences for Being-in-the-world.

When we everyday people have an urge for a cigarette we say we are jonesing. The medical term is "with drawl".

Heidegger's term → hankering (Nachhängen)

"Hankering closes off the possibilities. In hankering, Being-already-alongside takes priority. Addiction shows the character of Being out for something."

"What one is addicted 'towards' is to let oneself be drawn by the sort of thing for which the addiction hankers. If Darwin sinks into an addiction then there is not merely an addiction present-at-hand,



but the entire structure of care has been modified. Dasein has become blind, and puts all possibility into the service of the addiction.

"On the other hand, the urge 'to live' is something 'towards' which one is impelled, and it brings the impulsion along with it of its own accord. It is 'towards this at any price.'"

"In addiction, care has always been bound. Addiction and urge are possibilities rooted in the thrownness of Dasein. The urge 'to live' is not to be annihilated. The addiction to becoming 'lived' by 'the world' is not to be rooted out."

Σ X Σ

It's all connected Deleuze & Guattari, Artand... Crack Wars, Heidegger... Ronell quotes the exact quote I'm forever trying to recall, wondering where in Anti-Oedipus I read it. The passage is actually from Difference & Repetition by Gilles Deleuze.



"On the one hand a book of philosophy ought to be a very particular kind of crime story, and on the other hand it should resemble science fiction. By crime story we mean that concepts should intervene, driven by a zone of presence, in order to resolve a local situation."

Baudelaire

One book may lead to another, but most likely there will be an interlude in which I am detained. Does APPL have Diary of a Madman by Gustave Flaubert's Also Madame Bovary.

The history of mood, or aesthetic theory, from Baumgarten to Heidegger deals ecstasy (Nietzsche: Rausch), zoning out (Schopenhauer), inspired trance (Kant).

The writer often resembles the addict.

This is why every serious war on drugs comes from a community that is at some level of consciousness also hostile to the genuine writer, the figure of drifter/dissident, which it threatens to ~~dispel~~ expel.

I ordered This Perfect Day for Anne. \$16 total. BALANCE \$89  
89-11 = 78



## THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD IS A FARCE

I will look for previous entries/posts/threads about writing a diary, then perhaps collect them as a list of hyperlinks under a new topic called, "Writing Thoughts Crime in a Secret Diary", or something like THE DIARY AS PURE LITERATURE. History is a farce. We get closer to the bone with private memoirs.

Jane Carlyle, wife of English essayist Thomas Carlyle, joked uneasily at the beginning of her journal that diarizing might be justifiable grounds for murder.  
[1855]

"I remember Charles Butler saying of the Dutchess of Praslin's murder, 'What could a poor fellow do with a wife who kept a journal but murder her.' There was a certain truth hidden in this light remark."

The "certain truth" is that saying on paper what one has been barely willing to formulate in thought can be fearsome.

{ X }

I'm gonna give all my secrets away...



{ X }

73

Mud reporting : passion play at local court  
house. Talk about A Confederacy  
of Dunces.

My state funded council waving papers  
around that apparently will haunt me  
for a long time.

People WITNESSED me in action  
against the court — getting pecked  
by father and court officials —  
as I told the judge, "I guess

we're gonna have to go to trial  
then. We are going to trial, and  
"I" am facing 1 year in  
a "State Penitentiary" (parents say  
18 months)



2010.11.24

$\Sigma X \{$

My most characteristic trait is my inability to stop thinking. Do I want to write about people/characters I observe in the area? I don't feel comfortable making fun of so-called "freaks". The large man who had a sex-change sat directly across from me. Then George sat near him, also across from me. What is it about me that attracts the lunatics? They like me. What can I say? I guess they sense my rebelliousness and my radical worldview.

Maybe they sense my unending misery.

\*

"The ignorant, the deceived, the superficial, were the happy among us." ~ Oliver Gauntlett

Often, the intelligent, well-informed, deep thinker reaches a point of strain where he/she cannot go on; the complications are too much.

The Outsider asks for nothing but rest.

The Outsider's problem is not new. The history of prophets of all time follow this pattern.



Born in a civilization, they reject its standards of material well-being and retreat into the desert. When they return, it is to preach world-rejection: intensity of spirit versus physical security. The Outsider's miseries are the prophetic teething pains. He retreats into his room like a spider, in a dark corner; he lives alone, wishes to avoid people.

The prophet is a man of greater spiritual integrity than his neighbors; their laxness revolts him, and he feels impelled to tell them so. ▢

\* Van Gogh was never an easy person to live with; fits of nervous depression made his temper uncertain.



25 November 2010 Thursday

(03:00) Nightmare world - a nightmare that one feels in the core of one's Being. The mind cannot accept the suffering of the flesh. The meal at the Methodist Church haunts me. I can't put my finger on what it is that upset me so much about that meal. I found it to be a MOCKERY of the real situation.



What is "reality"? My website is called "A Strong Dose of Reality" and I claim to lead people where they would never have agreed to go: reality. So, what is reality?

People assume that self-love manifests as staying alive at all costs, for better or for worse. Sometimes survival does better without self-love. Self-love may rebel against life if we find that life is hateful. Self-love may prod us to reject survival if our life is not up to love's standards and therefore not worth living.

Am I not at this point? Is Anne at this point? I can't help from doing the math. I can't prevent my brain from figuring out that life is not worth living. And THAT is reality.

That would be reality even were I dark-skinned African, and I with a beautiful family. I find it hard to believe my disharmonious state is due solely to albinic genes.



Odin hear us, Odin hear us!

I don't remember Colin Wilson mentioning Schopenhauer and Nietzsche as much as he does. I had gotten into Schopenhauer deeply in 1990, after my release from "prison". I had been into Hermann Hesse before that, in my teens. Demian and Steppenwolf were my favorites.

I don't remember reading The Outsider until I was already living in The Tank House at MBSP, which I was after 1992 (October). It must have confirmed for me that I too was a genuine philosopher, like Schopenhauer, Cioran, or Nietzsche - as opposed to philosophologists of the "Universities".

"Nietzsche was used to being alone. He regarded it as part of the destiny of the man of genius." His hero, Schopenhauer, convinced him of it when he was barely 20. It was Schopenhauer who had informed a friend, when he was still in his teens: "Life is a sorry affair, and I am determined to spend it in reflecting on it."

I too (Hentrich) used to say, "Life sucks; all is in vain." I was determined to become a fearless and deep THINKER.



## GRABBING THE BULL BY THE HORNS

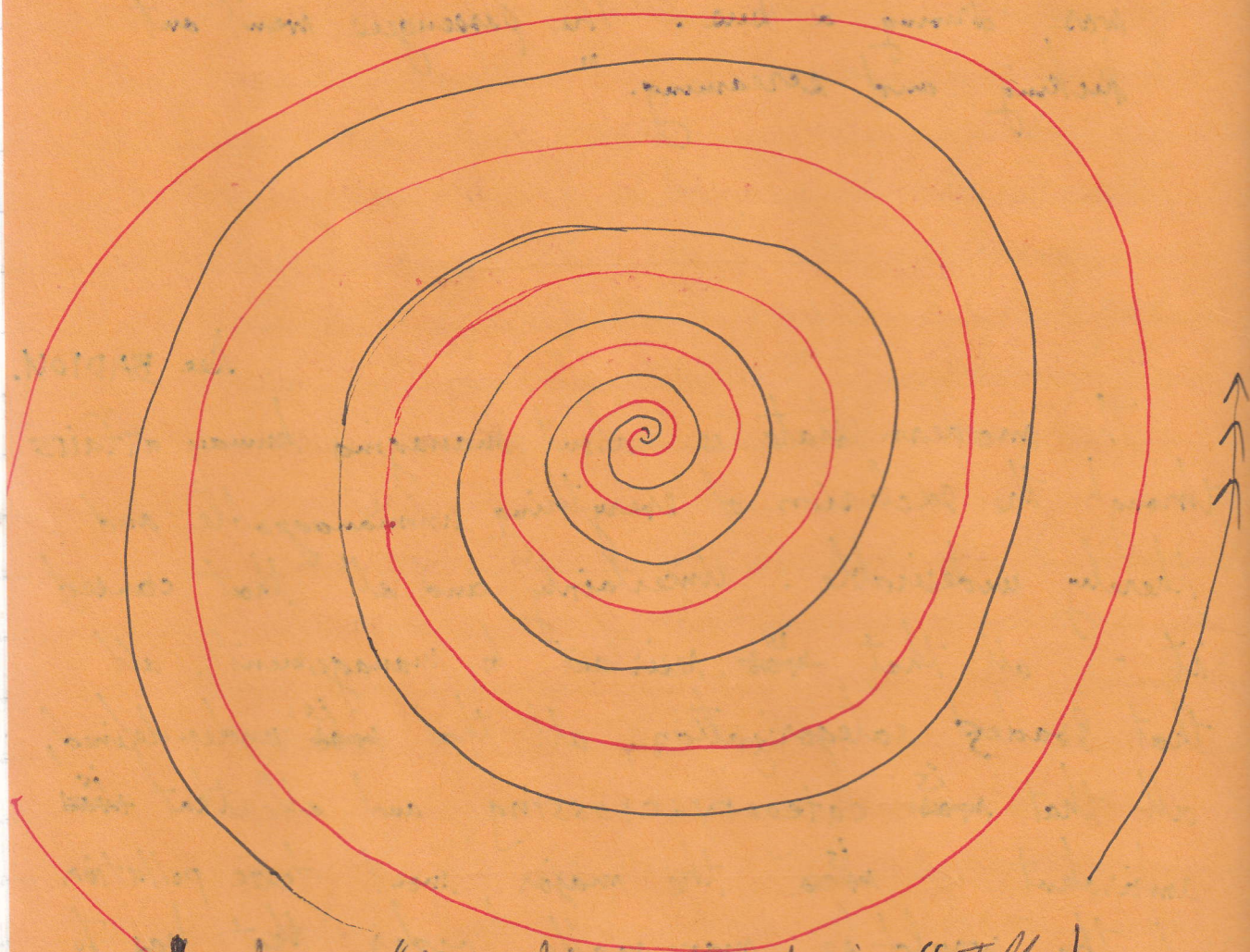
"Grandfather died naturally in his sleep... while he was driving a bus. The passengers went out kicking and screaming."

The constitutive feature of the sovereign state is the "relation of exception," through which something is included solely through its exclusion. See BADIOU.

The modern state is about managing human affairs through the exclusion of everything unmanageable and thereby undesirable. Uncertainty and all that causes it — all that ~~was~~<sup>is</sup> resistant to management, all that ~~grades~~<sup>is</sup> categorization, all that ~~was~~<sup>is</sup> under-defined, all that ~~was~~<sup>is</sup> category-crossing, and all that ~~was~~<sup>is</sup> ambivalent — ~~was~~<sup>is</sup> the major, most toxic pollution of the would-be man-made order that has to be excluded. This is the logic of "The State" — to exclude uncertainty. What is the public defender and "social services" doing Schultz up to but controlling the outcome of chaos? And yet — still there is great UNCERTAINTY about what the outcome will be!



I can't dance and I can't sing,  
but in the Land of the blind, the  
one-eyed man is KING.



"She said 'Jesus loves you,' I said 'Tell Jesus  
I love him too, but who needs Jesus when you  
got Kung Fu - and in your back pocket  
some bad voodoo? So tell Jesus, I love  
him too, but who needs Jesus when you got Kung Fu?'"



I sent me out to sell a pack of Newport 100's for \$5. I first offered this to a fine foxy Black young WOMAN; she did not smoke tobacco, but she smiled affectionately at me.

MAGIC. Then I asked "Poppy" - a Hispanic elder (about 53 or so) who I usually throw change at. He was actually looking exactly for that, so we had a deal.

I ran the two 40's of 211 Reef-Reservers back to the apartment, passed off to G, then decided to drink my 40 while in the shower. By the time I made it out the door, I had loaded up ~~on~~ <sup>with</sup> a bag of turkey and some prunes. I meandered down to the boardwalk. As soon as I jumped the fence along the boardwalk and landed on the beach, the "seagulls" knew what time it was, and began to surround me.

It was comical - and there were plenty of witnesses pretending not to notice.

Well, I was having a ball before I even got started feeding them. I was eating an apple. They gathered round me and waited for the feeding frenzy to begin.

It was a real blast! There is no doubt in my mind: These seagulls know exactly who I am.



I then walked out on the jetty singing my own "deeper" version of Queen's "Melancholy Blues": I'm causin' a mild sensation, with this new occupation; I'm in the news and just getting used to my new exposure ... So come and let me take over with my melancholy blues

I sat on the rocks in the beautiful sunshine for a good 30 minutes before looking for where the scrooge was being rehearsed. I couldn't find it, I walked home and found a big box of cassettes ... lots of them. There was even a set of tapes for learning Japanese! Wow. It is kind of magical. I wonder ... I sit here listening to "Blue Moon" ... WILD THING!

Actually, I'm not sure about the order of these events. I was most likely feeding the seagulls before I went for the 40's.

Here's an anti-work song: The Silbettes: Get A Job



2010. 11. 30

X

I don't trust psychiatry anymore than I trust religion.  
Psychiatrists are like the High Priests of the State Religion.

My return to Colin Wilson's The Outsider is a sign that my Animal Being (The Steppenwolf) is still very much trying to understand its dilemma. With the threat of prison lurking, there is no time to lose. There is a sense of urgency. At least Anne might write me letters. At least I do have this rich inner life which can sustain me throughout the adversities I have to endure.

I do not regret standing up to my mother. This is no time for guilt trips. I will back off now. She wants to believe I would be happy if only I did not drink, if only I were "in AA", if only I "had God in my life". But the years I was coerced into AA were perhaps some of the most miserable years of my life - all that was LIES. Thankfully I have come a long way since 1989. I slayed that Dragon I call The State Religion. I have also slayed the Dragon that was Catholicism. I will not be brainwashed. I AM HOSTILE to psychiatric "treatment".



## OBSERVING THE LILLIES IN THE FIELD

Man kind lost his visionary faculty (FACULTY X) because he spends all his time energy thinking about practical things. Jesus told the Jews not to waste so much time "getting and spending", but to observe the lillies of the field. I would add that one is better off staring off into space than ~~doing~~ wasting one's energies as a goddamned telemarketer or ~~sitting~~ building pyramids for pharaohs.

X  
I was awake from midnight to around 5AM. I slept from 5AM until 7:30AM when George rudely insisted I wake up and make him coffee. He assumes he is some kind of boss of mine when he throws me a pouch of tobacco or sends me on a beer run. As soon as I get cash I am heading to Freehold as is my pattern. Of course this is my pattern!

Why would I stick around Asbury Park? Now I want to finish reading going through The Outsider. I slept from 9:30AM to noon, and I feel refreshed. The wind blows fiercely!



William Blake toyed with the idea that one day it might be necessary for the "men of imagination" to shed the blood of the literal-minded who make the world unfit to live in.

See Shaw: Heartbreak House, Act I  
(They are strangling our souls!)

Imagination is the instrument of self-knowledge.

The ideal is the contemplative poet who cares only about having enough money and food to keep him alive, and never "takes thought for the morrow."

Those who are most alive eat little and sleep little, nor are they burdened by any sense of duty or responsibility. I reject the servile values of ALL my grandparents - all four of them. I reject my sister's oppressive values. I reject

my father's "German work ethic". Cognitive dissonance! And yet still I love my parents unconditionally, as they do me I think

add discussion about John Taylor Gatto (education)